The War Machine

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The War Machine

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Summary

In the war they are no more men, only talents and machines.

The army was a strange place almost out of time and far from home's reality. Under the commandment of Sergeant Jack Crawford they were not men, they were an imagination to borrow, a medic, a beast or the expert in some bullshit. But no, no men to be seen here, only talent in a specific field and do not dare try to ask for something else or complain at the job. The only one with some sort of special favour was Will Graham, the empath. Jack would still use him to death but at least the man was authorized to spend night at the infirmary with the Doctor Lecter after an intervention or authorized to stay alone in a middle of a battle to plan the next offensive.

But all these favour were only a way to smooth the event of the first year on the field of Will. The first year had been a disaster, a disaster that almost leaded to the death of the man and several others in the process. Sergeant Crawford had borrowed the imagination of the man too many times, forcing him in the middle of a devastated village to know where the rebels where hiding. Will had managed to gave them strong clues and almost a precise location before a young girl had get out on of devastated house, her face running blood. She had run toward him and when she was less that two feet away one member of the squad had kill her, a bullet stray to the lungs. It had not been a quick death and Will had lived through it all along, the girl was not even offensive, she had hope in her eyes while coming to him.

Will had get terrible nightmare for months after the event, leading him to sleepwalking and having horrible headache. The bell had ring after one particular night where they had found Will on top a nearby building, a building riddled by bullet and at the verge of collapsing. He was at one small steep to fall of the roof and only earned his survival to Hannibal throwing him away from the edge of the building.

He had been retired from the field for a month, locked in the infirmary forced to talked to Doctor Lecter to get it out of his system. It had been a long process and it was not finish yet. He was still waking up soaked in his own sweat, he still had minor hallucination some days on the battlefield but now he knew what was real and what was not. It was nothing but he slowly regaining his humanity over the war machine he had been made into.

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